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*K James Edward Francis.*

*23*

On the *Tenth* of *June*, MDCC.

BEING THE

BIRTH-DAY

OF HIS

Royal Highness

THE

Prince of WALES.

At which Time He happily Compleats  
the Twelfth Year of His *Age*.

**M**AY all the Blessings which from Virtue flow,  
Which Heart can wish and gracious Heav'n bestow,  
Attend the Happy and Auspicious Day,  
That gave a Blessing, greater far, than They,  
An Heir to Britain's King—And such an Heir,  
As might the Ruins of the World repair:  
If Nature's massy Globe were like to fall,  
As *Hercules*, He could support the Ball.

This lovely Prince! In Him the *Strong* and *Sweet*,  
As in the *Hebrew* Champion's Riddle meet:

Whose

Whose *Body* is a Magazine of *Grace*,  
 His *Heart* of *Courage*, and of *Love* his *Face*.  
 His *Soul* doth all the Royal Virtues hold,  
 Which so adorn'd *Great Britain's* Kings of old :  
 A valiant *Heart*, meek *Mind*, and lib'ral *Hand*,  
 A Princely *Mien*, worthy-Supream Command,  
 Sweet *Mercy*, but with *Justice* well allay'd ;  
 And *Virtue* by *Affliction* brighter made.

Born to three Mighty Crowns, and worthy more——  
 But Providence's Depths who can explore ?  
 To His own Son GOD gave the *Bitter Cup* ;  
 Which on the *Cross* He patiently drank up.  
 The purest Gold in fiercest Flames He tries,  
 And noblest Souls with sharpest Miseries.

Thus, in his early Years, thy Father's Friend,  
 O Prince belov'd of Heaven ! did seem to bend  
 Beneath a Civil War's unkindly Weight :  
 So hard it was for *LEWIS* to be Great.  
 So *Hercules*, *Jove* born, the World did range ;  
 Known to all Climes, but to's own Country stranger.  
 Nor *Theseus* long at *Athens* did abide :  
 Born at *Fraxène*, He at poor *Scyros* dy'd.  
*Castriot*, who made the *Turkish* Empire shake,  
 But late the Scepter o'r his own could take.  
 And HE, who *England's* Joy shall once become,  
 Of *Twelve* Birth-days kept but the *First* at Home.

So His Great Father suffer'd once before,  
 Tho' doubly now He is Exil'd once more :  
 Nay, more than trebly doubled are his Woes ;  
 Felt at such Years, as might demand Repose ;  
 And, which may make Angels themselves to Weep,  
 His lovely Queen drinks of the *Cup*, as deep ;  
 Nor less the Royal Innocents ; who kno'  
 No Crime, and consequently taste no Woe :  
 The blooming *Sweetness* and their hopeful *Worth*,  
 Their *Innocence* turns *Sorrow* into *Mirth* ;

Serene's the Clouds, that shade their brighter Day,  
And make the Royal Parents Griefs look Gay.

So His fam'd *Uncle*, so the *Martyr* found  
Great Woes, which made Them both the more Renown'd :  
Wash'd in His Saviour's Blood, and in His own,  
The glorious Father gain'd a blissful Throne.  
The Princely Sons, after a long Exile,  
Found Heav'n atton'd, and kinder Stars to smile :  
True *English* Hearts re-call'd their King again ;  
And *Peace* and *Plenty* signaliz'd his Reign.

But more severe the Fate, did *JAMES* attend ;  
Scarce *CHARLES* his pious *Love* could Him defend :  
Tho' Waves and Winds and Rocks the *Hero* spar'd,  
He found the *Mob* more Changeable and Hard.  
Yet at the last *Great Britain's* Crown He wore ;  
Till Heav'n thought fit to add one 'Tryal more.  
To His High Lord the pious Prince submits ;  
And all, that pleases God, his Humour fits.

Hail, best o' *Months* : who bearest *Juno's* Name !  
Thou, unto Us, that wondrous Soul of Fame,  
The Brave *BLACK PRINCE*, a mighty Gift, did'st bring :  
And now from Thee this Gallant Prince doth spring.  
Nor less the *Germans* have thy Fame enroll'd,  
For giving unto Them Great *LEOPOLD*.  
But the single Shares of those shall join,  
Unbounded *Empire* and *Success* Divine.

When Heav'n's set Time is Ripe, the Hearts of all  
A willing Victim at the Feet shall fall  
Of this Young *JAMES* ; and then he'll condescend :  
To save His Kingdoms and the Age to mend.

Mean while the God-like Hero, with more Joy  
In mighty *LEWIS's* Service doth employ  
His early Days, than other Kings can bear  
Their Crowns ; less full of Jewels, than of Care.  
From Him, when *Busy*, He Example takes,  
He reads His *Annals*, Him His Pattern makes :

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And when to *Courtship* His Great Mind descends,  
He Charms His Charming Sister and His Friends:  
*Persuasion* sits on His engaging Tongue;  
Which Princes wins and captivates the Throng:  
But if to Sport the Hero doth encline,  
He passes by the Joys of *Chefs* and *Wine*;  
And chases once again th' affrighted *Boar*,  
Whose Ancestor fell by His Hand before.

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**F I N I S.**